

# ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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[ONE PENNY.



## GRACE AND DISGRACE AT CLACTON.

"Although at one period inseparable friends, Dr. W. G. Grace is now, I understand, roaming England over in search of my unfortunate Dad. When the two great men 'do' meet, I am afraid the shock will be one from which Papa will not easily recover. Taking advantage of the National Testimonial organised for the benefit of the great cricketer, Poor Pa, it seems, has been passing himself off on Clactonites as the one and only Dr. Grace. His disguise, though, turned out to be an utter failure, the whole collection only amounting to three cockle shells and a frog. His departure from Clacton was both hasty and undignified."—TOUTSIE.

## GENERAL ELECTION HINTS.



(1) It is absurd to waste words upon a political opponent when a full-dressed and well-aimed egg speaks so effectively for itself.

(2) And here will I be to impress your vote and interest to those who never deserve the name. You make no mistakes, besides proving the truth of the pie-crust proverb.

(3) The patriotic who would accept a bethe in the name of England. But if you are poor, any trifles should be left on your inventory—well—

## HANDSOME TOM COX.

One of Captain Johnson's heroes is Thomas Cox, who was hanged at Tyburn on his man's Day in 1791, who never deserved the name.

Handsome Tom Cox was the youngest son of a gentleman of Blandford, in Dorset, and his father left him "a comfortable inheritance." Cox, however, was a spendthrift, and he then came up to London, fell in with a gang of highwaymen, and took to the road, in order to support himself by his profession. Cox was a good-looking fellow, and for it left his country to keep his neck out of the noose. After his third escape, we are told, "a young lady fell in love with him, he being a very handsome man, and the love was mutual. Cox, however, was a spendthrift, and it only made him a direct off of herself and £150." Cox married her, spent all his money, broke the young lady's heart by his ways, and was hanged at Tyburn on his man's Day, to be tried a fourth time, with fatal results.

Among the many recorded highway robberies committed by Cox, the most remarkable was the following. One day he met with Kilgore, Charles II's Jester, and ordered him to deliver. "Are you in earnest, friend?" asked the button, "I can't be."

Taken in custody in Somersetshire, he was locked up in the Tower of London. He broke out of his ward into the keeper's apartment, who, as good luck would have it, had been







SEASIDE RESORTS, BY ALEXANDRY'S OWN  
CAMERA.  
No. 8.—Tremouth.

\* Miss Storer will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

#### TOOTIE'S FRIENDS



## PLAYING THE D— AMONG THE PEERS.

CHECKING ILL-TIMED FACETIOUSNESS.  
"Ulio! find it has down there?" "No; only two in the shade,

"Is it proper for a girl to kiss her second cousin? Joe says no. I say yes. Our engagement is therefore off." — Extract from *Letter of Young Lady*.



DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—SEÑOR RUBIO



No. 490.—Mrs. OLIVE MILTON.

"Pretty, fairly one, I entreat."

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"This Doort shall know no g-

at her." —Lord Ruth.



## THE ELECTION AGITATION AT THE BROWNSIDE



(1) As the Elder was quietly perusing the Land that the House of Lords was a necessity.

(2) McDougal meant much by, roaring, "Let me git a clip in, Elder, at the board, and I'll stand for the Union and cheap whisky!"

(3) And continued, "All square the R's out of ya, ya hypocritical, bottle-nosed national barker?"  
N.Y.—The Election Committee is appealing them very much on the grounds,  
there are already 12 men dismissed.—N.Y. A. B. N. H. C.



## OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, ladies and gentlemen, still alive and kicking. The host has no detrimental effects upon me, as you will see in fact. Heres of poems, making up another it isn't I have, took a holiday. Content me. Heres others all come out of me. On the 18th inst. I have a new poem, a match, we must admit. The laurel goes to their meet fit!—The gallant English took the cake, And make all other countries quake.—They only exults without light, Find themselves in awkward

glo—A gallant fight for splendid prize, A prize which no one can despise.—At Wimbledon our tennis master Shakes that of all they are—A grand result. Without a doubt, Our frenzied tennis players are the best. The Queen is a Queen, Queen of the wide world.—As Betsy and the General—Election are the principal topics of the day, I have included them both in my centre illustration.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.  
A flight. In the way to the top of the hill  
My flight. Yes, sir, straight up the road; but if I was you  
With such a pair of wings as this, I shouldnt give up!



"But what makes you think she's into money?" "Well, dear, they  
used to call her bats. Now they say she's slightly unscrupulous."

## EASILY EXPLAINED.



Charlie, say, I thought Mrs. Larriper was a widow. Why, she had got pink roses in her basket this afternoon. Dolly. She's a widow, only she has pulled up the oaks and planted boxwood instead.



"Excuse me, young person, but are you aware I am a member  
of the Loupian County Council?"



HAPPY THOUGHT.  
How to dispose of our house-pets when we go to the sea? get  
Professor Marchmont (of the English Aquarium) to put them  
in into a tenace for six weeks.





